Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing;
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.
Iag You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha?
Iag. O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſs,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
Oth. O miſery.
Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;

Where

Where vertue is, theſe
Nor from mine owne
The ſmalleſt feare, or
For ſhe had eies, and
Ile ſee before I doubt,
And on the proofe, th
Away at once with lo
Iag. I am glad of it
To ſhew the loue and
With franker ſpirit:
Receiue it from me:
Looke to your wife,
Weare your eie thus
I would not haue you
Out of ſelfe-bounty
I know our Countrey
In *Venice* they doe le
They dare not ſhew
Is not to leaue't vnd
Oth. Doeſt thou
Iag. She did dece
And when ſhe ſeem'd
She lou'd them moſt
Oth. And ſo ſhe
Iag. Why go too
She that ſo young, co
To ſeale her fathers
He thought twas wi
I humbly doe beſeec
For too much louing
Oth. I am bound
Iag. I ſee this ha
Oth. Not a iot,
Iag. Truſt me, I
I hope you will con
Comes from my lo
I am to pray you, n
To groſſer iſſues, no

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDIN